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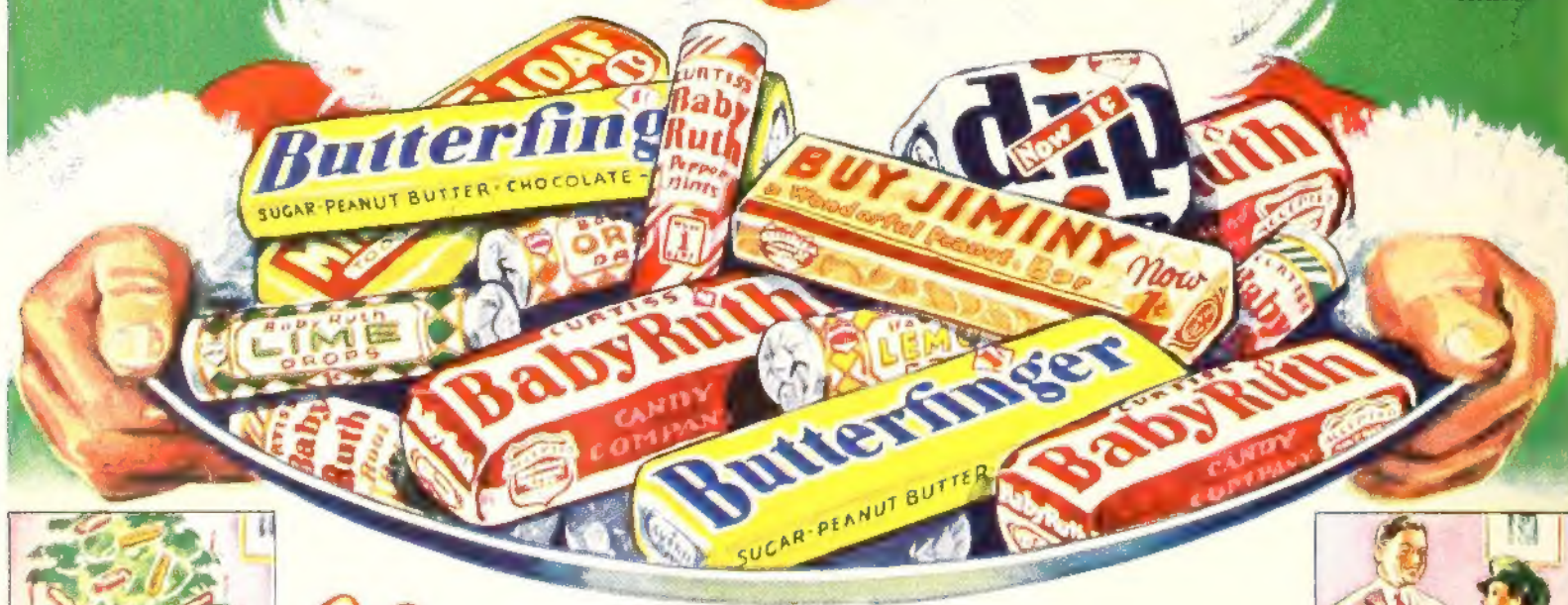
JANUARY

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ENTS

MADGE EVANS
by
A. WILSON



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PICTURE PLAY

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What Hollywood Won't Forgive

Hollywood will forgive most things. Things for which another community would cast you into an ignominious outer social darkness are regarded with amused tolerance in the film colony. But there are things that Hollywood will *never* forgive so long as a camera turns within her city limits.

What are these lapses, these indiscretions, these sins? And who are the sinners? Helen Louise Walker knows and she will tell you in next month's Picture Play. She names names, she gives facts, she tells the truth amusingly, wittily, and adds one more brilliant article to Picture Play's credit—and the enjoyment of its readers.



What Repeal of Prohibition Will Mean to the Screen

There'll be a change in pictures all right. More especially, there'll be a change in manners, morals, and in—yes—drinking! In dressing, too. Women's clothes will be more formal, more elegant, and more men will wear tails when they are seen with girls at night.

With cocktails no longer illegal, their use will be freer in films and more will be required for the heroine to become exhilarated, desperate, uninhibited. Then, too, hulking he-men like Wallace Beery no longer will get tipsy on a single swig, as he did in "Tugboat Annie."

James Roy Fuller humorously describes what the New Year will bring in the first flush of repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Another unusual item in Picture Play for February. Don't miss it!

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WHAT THE FANS THINK



An actor who played opposite Elissa Landi says her kisses are the real thing, not mere chilling imprints as a fan surmised.

Testimonial to Landi's Kisses.

I THOUGHT I might send in a little note to agree with V. Witt, who would like to push off a cliff the wisecracker who said, "If Elissa Landi were to kiss an Eskimo, the Eskimo would die of pneumonia."

This letter isn't about me, but it might be well to add that I am a screen player, and at the moment am shining brightly. I have played opposite Miss Landi, and find her one of the brightest and most interesting persons I have ever had the pleasure of meeting.

Miss Landi claims she uses charm, not sex appeal. Well, if it's charm she uses, I'm for it. People who class her as cold and uppish have the nerve to compare her with certain other players, such as one Mexican whirlwind who shouts herself hoarse at a boxing match while even Mae West sits sedately by.

As for the Eskimo crack, I distinctly remember kissing Miss Landi when I played opposite her. I am *not* an Eskimo, and I most *certainly* was not afflicted with pneumonia.

In my opinion, if Hollywood had more charm and less sex appeal the movies would be better off.

A PLAYER.

Hollywood, California.

Our Wandering Heroines.

I WISH to ask all the fans to join in tribute to a great actress and grand person who recently passed on to her reward—Louise Closser Hale. The death of this brilliant woman is an irretrievable loss to the stage and screen.

And now a complaint: The cinema has become too self-consciously unmoral for words. It leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Feminine stars vie with one another to see who can depict the most depraved character. This craze, I believe, started with Garbo. Norma Shearer followed in the silent Swede's steps, and Saucer-eyes Crawford was next. Now just try to see a movie without at least one loose woman in it!

I wouldn't want a parade of too, too sweetly good heroines. Surely there is a happy medium. These heroines invariably come to an unjust reward in the final fade-out—in the arms of some forthright young man, the possessor of his undying love and good name. All this with the movie houses full of impressionable young fans.

I suppose I'll be called old-fashioned and narrow-minded for expressing these views. It's smart nowadays to read the rawest books and see the most risqué plays, so, of course, my wee small voice will be lost in the shuffle.

If only Norma Shearer would make another picture like "Smilin' Through"! It was the most exquisite thing done since movies began. I don't think any one could see it and come away not loving Miss Shearer.

Give us more pictures like "A Lady's Profession" and "Elmer the Great." Give us fewer pictures like "To-day We Live," all Jean Harlow pictures, and, fgooshakes, throw *all* those animal cartoons in the junk pile.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

DIANA BRENNAN.



Margaret A. Bell predicts that Katharine Hepburn will rival Garbo's popularity, if given the right stories and casts.

Garbo's First Real Rival.

WHAT an actress is Katharine Hepburn!

In my opinion she is the greatest personality the screen has ever known. Her amazing performance in "A Bill of Divorcement" brought her instant acclaim, and it is no wonder that thousands of moviegoers immediately became Hepburn-conscious.

Her magnetic personality, her superb poise, her originality and versatility, make her the outstanding screen player to-day.

Her performance in "Christopher Strong" was again sparkling, full of variety, and keenly alive with remarkable talent. A splendid cast supported her, but again Miss Hepburn stood out and overshadowed all the other players.

Not exactly beautiful, Katharine Hepburn's unusual looks and lithe fig-

Continued on page 57


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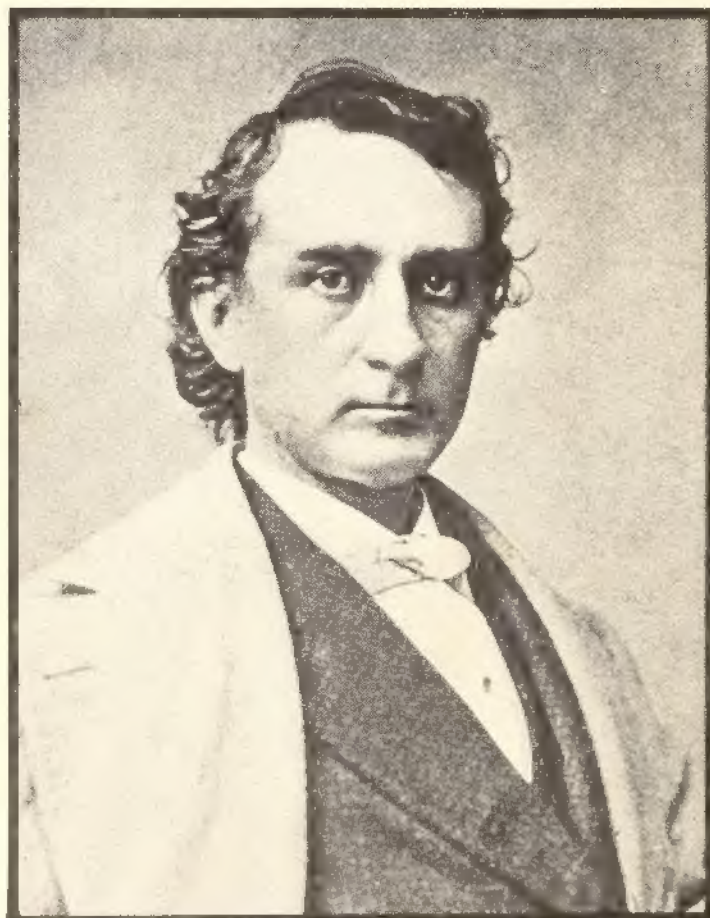
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Adelina Patti's glamour, lavishness and tendency to acquire husbands are reincarnated in Gloria Swanson. And Fredric March has many of Edwin Booth's characteristics.



GENIUS

Photos from
Harold Seton Collection.

By
Madeline
Glass



Heir to Booth's Mantle.

When I told Fredric March that he had many of Edwin Booth's characteristics, he expressed his appreciation of the compliment and, after a moment's hesitation, added, "I have been told that before."

If similarity of temperament, dramatic technique, and personal appearance proves anything it proves that March is the Booth of the screen. The comparison becomes increasingly apt with the rich unfolding of the March talents. If this young fellow doesn't watch out he is likely to develop into an acting genius.

Edwin Booth was on the stage for more than forty years. According to his biographers, he was a friendly, charitable, mettlesome man, thoughtful of his parents and having simple but refined tastes. For all his glowing talent and brilliantly faceted life, he never abandoned the home-and-fireside mode of living except when necessity required. Like his parents, he was more than ordinarily religious.

This description fits March like the proverbial glove.

Booth, who was born during a meteor shower

and who died during a violent electrical storm, had a marked capacity for high romance and constancy. This is also true of March, whose delightful love scenes reveal the gay, exalted emotionalism of a civilized romantic.

Booth was paternally inclined and displayed great devotion to his daughter and grandchildren.

The Marches, having no child of their own, recently adopted a baby girl.

Originally of a cheerful disposition, Booth's life was saddened by numerous tragedies, the most shocking having been, of course, the assassination of Lincoln by his brother.

AMONG the actors and actresses of Hollywood one occasionally finds an artist who reminds one of an outstanding genius of the past. The similarity may be a matter of appearance, temperament, or talent. In rare instances it springs from a combination of these qualities.

Comparing the characteristics of one's favorites with the glamorous people whose names have gone into the annals of the past is a pleasant pastime. So with winter upon us let's get together, preferably before an open fire—some fudge and buttered popcorn will also be acceptable—and figure out who resembles who, and why.

REPEATS ITSELF

Some of the dazzling giants of the past live again in our screen stars. Do you agree in awarding Fredric March the mantle of Edwin Booth and John Gilbert the Byron temperament?

So far the sable cloak of sorrow has infolded Fredric March but once—the death of his mother. At that time he was engaged on a picture and for ten days studio conditions compelled him to work while in the East the funeral was delayed awaiting his arrival.

Although March is more robust of build, and his handsome face lacks Booth's suggestion of melancholia, the resemblance is noticeable. Add to this the similarity of character and temperament and it appears that the great Thespian's mantle belongs to Paramount's pride and joy.

A Screen Prima Donna.

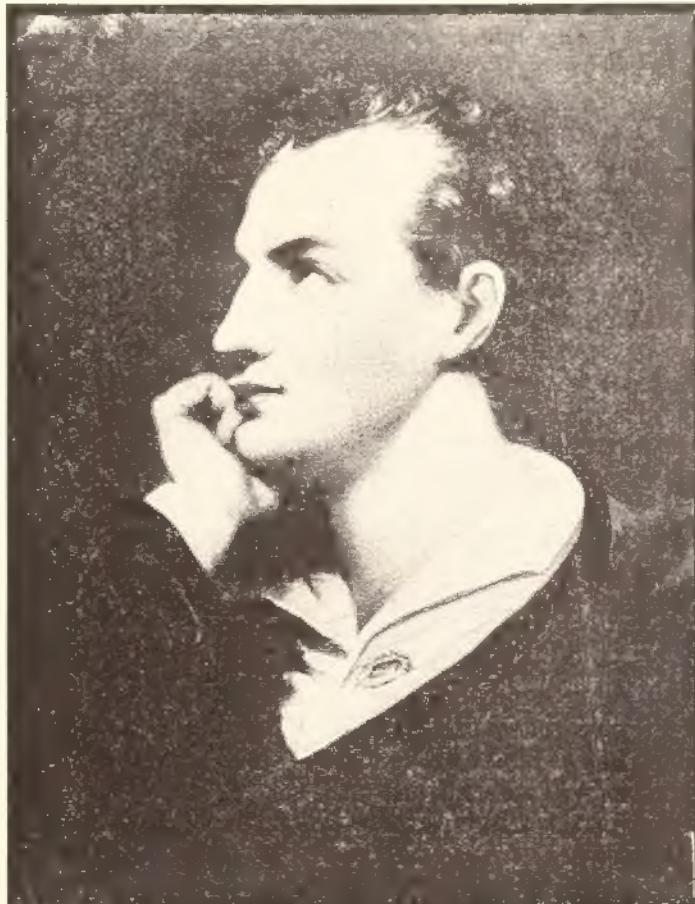
Gloria Swanson is the Adelina Patti of the screen. Although Miss Swanson's singing voice can scarcely be compared to that of the nineteenth-century diva, her acting ability is much greater, so their respective artistic merits are about equal.

Here the resemblance is largely that of temperament and character.

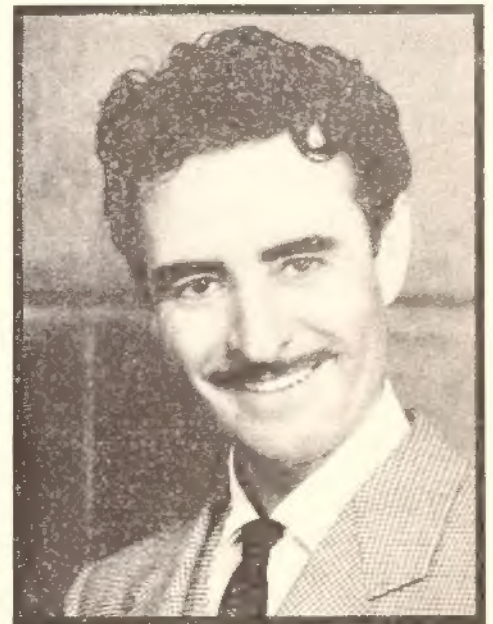
Adelina Patti was energetic, ambitious, extravagant, and excessively fond of luxury. She knew her worth and demanded it in coin of the realm. So concerned was she over money that her salary, from \$5,000 to \$8,000 per performance, had to be paid in advance or she would not set foot on the stage.

No king ever traveled in greater state than she. Her private drawing-room car was said to have cost well over \$50,000.

Does not this lavishness remind you of the sumptuous Gloria? Recall her splendid homes, her lavish clothes, her salary demands, her luxurious traveling accommodations, and her glittering entertainments, and it is obvious that she is not exactly an exponent of the simple life. [Continued on page 62]



Lord Byron, the fatally romantic poet, set the pace for John Gilbert, and Jeanne Eagels inherited the golden voice of Sarah Bernhardt.



MARRIAGE HASN'T CHANGED HIM

George O'Brien is still a man's man, ready for anything at any time—
and Marguerite Churchill is not trying to make a new man of him.

By Whitney Williams

SO he called off a trek to the Argentine, land of the gaucho and dark-eyed señorita, and got married!

That's George O'Brien's way of doing things—do it now! Two years ago he left for Japan and a five months' stay in the Orient on five hours' notice.

John Ford, the director, sailing for the Cherry Blossom kingdom at five in the afternoon, accosted George on the lot, said suddenly and inelegantly, "C'mon with me, you'll have a swell time." A few hours later George was sharing Ford's stateroom, with only a kit-bag of clothes, no hat, and nary a passport.

He's a man's man, is George, ready for anything at any time.

All the more reason to wonder just how marriage will affect his life. The ceremony took place last July.

As you probably know, the missus is Marguerite Churchill. She'd had her eye on George for a long time before they were married—George demanded that—and it's needless to say that George was head over heels in love with Marguerite also a long time before he retired from bachelor estate.

As a single man, George lived at Malibu the year around. He got up at dawn to take a plunge in the ocean and to cavort on the sand in a series of exercises that would be strenuous for the most athletically inclined individual. Between pictures, he wouldn't stir from his beach place, unless the idle period happened to be unusually long. Then he would light out for Europe, or Egypt, or the Orient.

His home was a man's abode. He led strictly a man's life. George's existence resembled more nearly that



Photo by Acme

Here's a marriage that's unusual in Hollywood. Marguerite and George liked each other a long time, they were married without a show, and she has taken his friends as her friends.

of a hermit, for he seldom partook of any social life.

And now along comes marriage! Will it alter his mode of living entirely? Cause him to abandon plans to visit South America, India, China—those regions off the beaten paths that he always has loved, travel which for years he has looked forward to with keen anticipation?

George says, "Absolutely not."

Be that as it may, he has moved to Hollywood and taken a hill-top house just twelve minutes from the studio. The beach was a full forty-five minutes' early morning drive from his dressing room. That much, at least, Mrs. O'Brien accomplished.

After a long sojourn in New York where she appeared in several stage productions, Marguerite is in pictures again. And forty-five minutes' to an hour's distance from a studio, especially to meet an early call, is *some* jaunt. Score one for the bride.

But listen to George:

"Marguerite likes to travel as well as I. She shares my hankering for foreign parts and strange people. We like the same types and we both like to be on the move.

"On our honeymoon, we went to Coronado. 'We'll be there at least two weeks,' we both said. Three days later, I asked, 'How about going on to Agua Caliente?' She

grinned and said, 'I was just about to suggest that, myself. I'm getting rather fed up with this place.'

"Several days later, the same thing happened again. We packed, got in the car and tried to think of some other place. 'How about Canada?' I ventured. 'Too

Continued on page 56



FAVORITES
of the FANS
RUTH CHATTERTON

Photo by Elmer Fryer



Photo by Clarence Sinclair

Herbert Marshall

HE may well call his services "unique and extraordinary," as they say in contracts, because there is no one like him on the screen. But does he? Certainly not! He goes his way without trumpeting, his artistry exhibited reticently, gradually, but none the less surely. You will next see him in "Four Frightened People."



to • George Hurr I

THE charming daughter of the charming Irene Rich bids fair to inherit the fans of her mother besides acquiring plenty of her own. Her brief appearance in "Pilgrimage," as the capable, sympathetic girl in uniform who escorted the gold star mothers brought a shoal of letters to The Oracle asking about her

Frances Rich



THE charm and individuality of Florine McKinney, as the sad little suicide in "Beauty For Sale," made an instant impression and recalled Dorothy Jordan to many. For both have a capacity for emotion not often found in fragile ingénues. Now let's watch for the newcomer in "Dancing Lady."

THE long absence of Dorothy Jordan from the screen is soon to be broken when she comes back as a full-fledged star in "Wild Birds." Her leading man will be young Tom Brown. Please don't remark something about "birds of a feather." We beat you to it.





SOON you will see that long-awaited first picture of Dorothea Wieck. As you probably know, it will be "Cradle Song," and here is the appealing German actress costumed for her rôle in the story of convent life in Spain. The smaller photo is fraulein as she goes about the Paramount lot.



PICTURE PLAY readers beat the casting director in discovering Charlotte Virginia Henry for "Alice in Wonderland." The Brooklyn girl won all hearts in "Huckleberry Finn" and the inquiries about her would have done credit to a flashing star. The small photo shows her as she was before she was picked out of 7000 candidates.





RUBY KEELER is much more than a tap dancer de luxe, more than a popular screen personality, and more even than Mrs. Al Jolson. She is herself! You must read Margaret Reid's story on the opposite page to know more about her than has ever been published in a single article.

HOLLYWOOD

By Edwin and Elza Schallert



Bookworms like Virginia Dabney must make sure that a little absent-minded exposure only adds to the general scenery.

RUTH CLAYTON is doing a good job of playing a very much older lady. So good that she is willing to sacrifice her salary for a year rather than be seen in "Marechal." She feels that the older ladies in the films for her are the only ones who can give her as she portrayed in "The Golden Rule" and "The Sign of the Cross." She doesn't want to be seen in a picture.

It is the only picture that has been seen in the city. Mae West's picture is a reform movie and she is the only one who has not been doted on by the public. She is a very good actress. They're not going to see a picture that is so dramatic in the street level

sisterhood. "Nice" heroines have often been described as colorless, but possibly since Mae West has gone to the uttermost limit in depicting them, the pendulum is to swing back, and charming and persuasive innocence will come into its own again. Ruth's firm "No" to the idea of being perpetually naughty does suggest possibilities in that direction, and the tendency is one that will bear watching for the time being.

Because of her temporary vacation, while Warner Brothers looked for something else to replace "Mandalay," Ruth won't wind up her engagement at the studio until December. And we hear that George Brent may leave with her when she goes, even though his contract has still some time to run. Kay Francis took Ruth's place in "Mandalay."

Stars Freeze Mae West. Mae West was cold-shouldered at her premiere at Grauman's Chinese Theater. Very few stars turned out, except those from her own studio.

Gloria Swanson, Richard Barthelmess, and William Powell saw the picture on the opening night, but there was a reason, for Bill went with Carol Lombard, who is a Paramount player, and Miss Swanson, Barthelmess,



Another Cagney—Bill, Jimmy's brother. Boots Mallory is the little woman.

One of Marie Dressler's birthday treats was an overnight visit to the White House.



and he are good friends.

Metro, Goldwyn, Fox, and RKO stars were scarcely to be observed. It looked a little chilling, but did Mae care? She drew a full house, anyway, for the first showing of "I'm No Angel" with executives and society people well represented and they seemed to be highly amused.

HIGH LIGHTS

Our rambling reporters get the inside gossip from all the studios.

Also she gained a major victory. Marlene Dietrich was present, and that quelled the report that Miss Dietrich had not recognized Mae's existence when she returned from Europe. Indeed, Miss West, talking to the press, vouchsafed the information that Marlene and she were pals, and that Marlene and *little Maria* liked her songs!

Matrimonial Flub-dub.—Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez put on the anticipated silly show just before their marriage, probably to excite extra attention and get extra publicity. Lupe apparently inspired most of it, for she was very flip in answering questions put to her by reporters, saying "Maybe I marry to-morrow; maybe I marry next week; maybe I marry a year from now. Maybe I tell nobody; maybe the whole world will know," and much more jargon of that kind.

Husbands haven't seen anything yet in the way of curlers if the home permanent waver worn by Helen Mack becomes popular.

Mae Clarke and Sidney Blackmer are that way about each other and can't conceal it even from the news photographers.

Photo by Wide World

Among the nonsensical things that the two did, a 300-odd-mile trip to Las Vegas, Nevada, was not the least silly. They went there for a marriage license that wasn't used. They drove there and back during a night and a morning, some six or seven hours each way, taking out the license at 4:30 a. m.

Studio attachés became pretty weary of their antics.

Baby LeRoy a Worry.—When the N. R. A. fight over salaries was on, some people became terribly worried about the size of Baby LeRoy's weekly revenue, and whether he might be seriously affected by the threatened control of the money paid to stars. The matter was looked into, and it was discovered that the baby receives only \$50 a week when he is working, and \$15 as a sort of retainer when he isn't. He is guaranteed only ten weeks' work a year. Pretty good for an infant, but nothing as compared with Greta Garbo's \$9,000 or \$10,000 a week. Later on, since his contract is on a sliding scale, he will receive \$110 a week, with a \$50 retainer, but nobody has to worry about all that inflation for several years.

Meanwhile, the baby has been having a terrible feud with W. C. Fields. He played with him in "Tillie and Gus," and took a violent dislike to Fields's nose, his hair, or his hats, and would hardly work with the comedian at all. The younger they are, the more temperament!

Several actresses shied at the idea of playing with Baby LeRoy in "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen," because he is such a picture-stealer. Among them, we heard, were Gloria Swanson and Carol Lombard. Maurice Chevalier is reputed to have said that he wouldn't play with the child again

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